

THE STATE JOURNAL.

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By FRANK P. MACLENNAN.

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WEATHER INDICATIONS.

Washington, Jan. 27.—For Kansas Forecast, 100° p. m. Sunday: Probably fair Sunday; winds shift to westerly and warmer.

MAJOR MORRILL has a farm; but he does not pose as Farmer Morrill for all that.

The mass suppressed Mr. Boutelle; one would think it would take a sledge or a sledge hammer.

NEWSPAPERS with the best spinal columns are those that have the biggest advertising columns.

ALBANYLAND is the new title for western Kansas. That sounds musical; you can hear the dollars jingling in it.

The Ottawa Republican says there is a woman in that town who has a rubber tongue. Isn't this stretching it a little?

Don't be afraid of giving too much old clothing to the poor. When they can not wear can be stuffed in broken window panes.

BILLY EDWARD of Pawnee says he will be in the race to a finish, whether Farmer Smith is a candidate for governor or not.

The Queen of Afghanistan has decided to stop European dress. It is now only a matter of time until the answer is received to her beggary.

An organization is being formed in a Nebraska town to exterminate the English sparrow; this is simply throwing money at the birds.

SAMUEL GNAUT, an attorney of Wapakoneta has died. He did not even stop long enough to properly arrange his name or his business affairs.

A REACTUAL and worthy tribute to the memory of Hon. T. Dwight Thacher, has been written by Col. W. P. Tomlinson. It was printed in his paper of January 22.

The supreme court of Iowa has killed prohibition. Well, they need something to drown their sorrows in a state where the mercury goes down to 30 degrees below zero.

THE CHINESE don't mind registering but they do object to having their pictures taken—in which they differ very much from the newly married couple from the country.

EDITOR STEAD is still quarreling with the women of Chicago. It isn't often that a man will stand up and take his punishment so bravely. Sometimes they run away to California.

It is proposed to consolidate the two college papers published at the State university. This will do away with one of the greatest delights of the boy editors—scrapping with each other.

A LECTURE on "Imagination" is to be delivered to a Democratic club at Indianapolis. That's the last thing a phonologist would recommend for the subject of a talk to a Democratic organization.

THE "Plebian," issued at Burlingame is not a Populist periodical as its name might suggest. Its first number contains articles by Congressmen Curtis, Laura M. Johns and Rev. A. W. Lawrence.

SOME of the men who "never bother their heads with politics" are now depending on free bread funds, etc. Perhaps, if they "bothered their heads with politics" a little more they would find out why their stomachs are empty.

THE "defective side walk" still continues to reduce Lawrence to the point of penury. Another man has just sued for \$5,000 damages because he fell through one. Lawrence should make her walks of vitrified brick like Topeka, and then her citizens, even intoxicated ones, couldn't fall through them.

CONGRESSMAN E. H. FUSSELL has written to friends in Fort Scott announcing that he will be a candidate for the nomination of congressman in this district, before the next convention. He states that he wants the nomination as a vindication of the contest Colonel Moore has

brought, no matter how that is decided. He also states that it has cost him \$5,000 to fight this contest.

STUART ROBSON has revived at St Louis "Leap Year," the comedy written thirty-five years ago by the English dramatist Buckstone. The last time the comedy was given in the United States was at the Holiday Street theater, Baltimore, and, strange to say, Mr. Robson, then a juvenile in the cast, is today the only living member of it. Robson has not bought a new play since he and Crane separated. Last season he was playing the old standby, "She Stoops to Conquer."

In a letter to the stateman of the government department of agriculture G. Wood Davis, the well known Kansas statistician says:

"The enormous increase of the hay acreage shown by your report, and deduced by myself from other data, accounts for the great diminution of the corn and wheat acreage by recent years, and this diminution of grain acreage must continue as long as the hay crop increases progressively, as it is likely to do for many years to come. With a progressively increasing crop of new mouths to be filled, the only alternative is to lower the cost of living or convert the lands now growing food and fiber for export into meadows to supply the added population with milk, butter, cream, cheese and meats."

KANSAS PARAGRAPHS.

Eldorado has several young couples who ought to join the "spouses," says the Republican.

Mr. Chew is visiting Mr. Whetstone at Ponca, probably for the purpose of sharpening his appetite.

It cost a Ft. Scott colored man \$10 to sue his wife, and now he thinks he hasn't any rights at all.

The speeches delivered in the quadrigam debate at Salina have been published in pamphlet form.

Burglars at Riley went to all the trouble of blowing open a safe, when it wasn't locked and then got out the spic of bad tempers.

It takes high schools to keep us from forgetting the past; the "Fall of Pemberton Mill" is to be recited in the declamation contest at Abilene.

The story is told of a Marion man who set a hen on goose eggs just to give her a change to spread herself. That man had a good eye for fowlies.

A corporation has been formed at Phillipsburg to make brick, tile and pottery, and the citizens think that it may be destined to be a manufacturing center.

A Salina boy was nearly killed by a fall while sliding down banisters. This will give reformers a chance to run their attention from football to another dangerous sport.

Two young ladies of Pratt, walked to Ollison to win a set of a box of candy, if the other party to this bet had carried anything about winning, he'd never have had candy.

The Hiawatha World says there will be 3000 light fantastic bows of a bid to be given there next Monday night. If the 300 people referred to were black, their bows wouldn't be so bizarre.

The editor of the Burlington Republic had to pay \$15 extra postage on a package the other day, and, of course, makes that the actions of the Dutons and her desperation are profane trifles.

The United States land office of Leavenworth will close to do business March 10, the Oberlin office will cease two days later, and on March 15 a re-modification of the two offices will be open for business at Colby, Thomas county.

Within one week a Russell minister preached a funeral sermon, where there was no body; another over a man who died in the penitentiary; another over what was left of the mutilated body of a murdered man, and that next over the murderer who had been tried.

FASHION'S FANCIES.

Stately looking brocades made up with great taste and elaboration appear to rule among evening gowns.

Silk will be more used during the spring and summer seasons for afternoon and church dresses than they have been for many years.

Silk purf, girdles and collars made of plain velvet in cerise, olive, moss green, petunia or wine color are seen on hand-made dresses of black silk or moire.

New striped gowns to be made into gay little gowns for post-Easter dances show black satin stripes of a greater width than their alternate lines of colored braiding.

Braiding will be one of the very popular dress decorations this spring, and narrow soutache braids are put upon the market in black and the standard colors and also woven with metal threads for embroidery.

Very warm and comfortable are the knitted negligee corsets for the use of invalids and for others who cannot wear the ordinary stiffened corset. The negligee in white and natural undyed sheep's wool is loosely knitted and elastic.

Novelties in black cotton lace are being brought out having the embroidery woven in, which renders them almost as durable as the stocking itself. They are pronounced absolutely fail-safe and are shown in arabesque effects and boot patterns.

A handsome shade of venetian brown of a ruddy tinge appears among some of the handsomest fabrics of the season. It is made great use of by English ladies tailors for elegant dresses of bengaline velours, camel's hair and velvet striped cloth.—New York Post.

FIGS AND THISTLES.

The top side of a cloud is always bright.

It costs about as much to be proud as it does to be stingy.

There are some people who mistake indulgence for religion.

Nobody works harder and gets less for it than the hypocrites.

Sin got a foothold in this world by making itself look harmless and little.

No field of wheat ever ripens that does not have a good deal of straw and husk in it.

LIVELY AND POPULAR.

WASHINGTON CROWDS VISIT THE HOUSE AND NOT THE SENATE.

The Newspaper Men as Rulers—The Speech-Takers and the Specials—Men of Influence—Burke Cockran as an Oratorical Gladiator—His Star of Destiny.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—There are always interesting scenes about the halls of the house. For some reason or other it is to the house, and not to the senate, that the crowds go. There is for the average capitol visitor much more fascination in the house, with its great floor filled with men, its noise, clatter and confusion, than in the smaller, more sedate and orderly senate. One suspects that this is so largely because of that well nigh universal love of a fight, con-

sidering that great influence upon senators and representatives.

There are many members of the lower house and a few of the upper who habitually seek counsel of their newspaper friends before deciding upon any important line of action; these newspaper writers often being men of longer experience and better judgment than the statesmen themselves. Besides there are the newspaper men who write speeches for congressmen. Not as much of this is done as one would think from the talk about it, but it does nevertheless happen now and then that a statesman induces one of his newspaper friends to put a speech together for him.

A New Gladiator.

The tariff battle of last week brought to the front a new gladiator in the arena of debate. Nothing finer than the performance of Burke Cockran in that bout has ever been seen here. Mr. Cockran's reputation as an orator was fixed long ago. On many notable occasions he has earned the right to rank among the first orators of the world. But there was some doubt as to how he would handle himself in the heat of debate—whether he was ready enough with retort, whether he could think fast enough to keep pace with the rattling fire of a hand to hand encounter on the floor.

There are many men who make magnificent set speeches, but who go to pieces when the pressure of cavalry raids from the other side of the hall comes upon them. Mr. Cockran did not turn out to be that kind of a man. Payne of New York, who wants to be governor of that state and president of the United States, rode at Cockran full tilt, and was unseated. Then Boutelle, always impetuous and forcible, took the place of his friend Payne, only to go down with him in the dust. Finally Reed the Terrible came to the rescue and narrowly escaped a similar fate. He was not routed, but he limped a little as he fled off the field.

Cockran was equal to all comers. He proved himself worthy to ride in the same class with Thomas B. Reed, and that means he is among the foremost debaters of the world. It is a pity that a man so brilliant as to be able to excel both as orator and debater should find his public career drawing to a close on account of his inability to live in peace and harmony with the chief of the organization on which he has reflected so much honor. Yet the truth is that after this congress Mr. Cockran's eloquent voice is not likely to be heard in the halls of the big national statehouse on Capitol Hill.

When the Surface is Ruffled.

When the house is calm, visitors are not numerous. But let the surface become ruffled, let the storms of debate brew, and the big audience comes with amazing quickness—wherever it is as difficult to guess as who they are. But in some unknown manner the word is passed round, and from some unknown spots the listeners hasten and the galleries are soon filled. So it was last week, when a fierce battle was waged over the tariff. It had not been expected. No one had foreseen the rattling fire of batteries and small arms that filled the hall of the house with smoke and also left a number of wounded lying on the floor.

When the row began, there were only a few people in the galleries. In less than an hour they were filled to overflowing, and men and women, both white and black, stood in long lines awaiting a chance to enter. To tell the whole truth, far more than half of these various persons were black. The appetite of the negroes of the Capital City for tariff debates is wholly inexplicable—and all sorts of debtes, for the master of that. Day in and day out they constitute a majority of the congressional audiences. True, some of them go to sleep and now and then in oratory fall into a deep slumber, but the negroes are equal to the task.

Though the incidents on the floor of the house are frequently of surpassing interest, those in the corridors and rooms round about are not less so. It is worth going miles to see a Virginia congressman entertaining a rural constituency. The Virginia and Maryland members are more troubled by visitors of this sort than any other on account of the proximity of their districts to the capital. With campaign promises ringing in their ears, the old farmers come to town, hunt up their members and calmly intimate their desire to be entertained. Though they wear coonskin caps or old wool hats that have been handed down from generation to genera-

tion, the crowd learns of scenes of interest in the house by watching the newspaper men. The correspondents of the Capital City are a thermometer worth watching. At 1 o'clock of an afternoon there may not be a half dozen newspaper men in the house gallery. They are at luncheon in the restaurant down stairs, in the committee rooms talking to members or loafing in their own spacious and comfortable lobby, where they have cheerful open fires, paid attendants and all the conveniences of a private office. It would be difficult to say where the country is ruled—the floor below or up here in this meeting place of the Washington correspondents.

of one thing you may be sure—when the press men leave their easy chairs, drop their stony bellows and joking and rush into the gallery something really interesting is going on.

The average correspondent is a great cynic. More than cynical, he is blasphemous to speeches, debates and incidents. He is so hardened to all these things that it takes something extraordinary to rouse his interest, but if there is to be some real fighting he wants to be in at the death. Thus it often happens that within 10 minutes before the press was fully unrepresented in the house gallery fully a hundred men suddenly appear. They flock from all parts of the capital, and even come hurrying up from their offices down town.

Editorial Factors.

Visitors to Washington are surprised that the newspaper correspondents spend little time in the galleries of the house and senate. They wonder how the press men are able to report the debates without hearing them. But as a general rule the special correspondents have little to do with the debates on the floors of the two houses. They are covered by the reporters of the two press associations, men who sit at little tables in front of the desks of the vice-president and the speaker, who write shorthand and have nothing else to do day after day but make up accounts of what is said by senators and representatives. It is on extrordinary occasions that the special correspondents "handle" the debates—such occasions as that fierce hand-to-hand fight in the house over the tariff a few days ago. Then the brightest and keenest of the "specials" go in for stories that are worthy the incident and suited to the tastes of their journals.

The newspaper men are an important feature of life at the capitol. They are everywhere. Their influence is almost unlimited. They and the lobbyists constitute the "third house," and it is still an open question which is the most powerful—senate, house or press gallery. If the first two make laws, the third makes rules and molds public opinion. If the members of the bodies exercise great influence upon the correspondents, so do the cor-

SIGNS OF TIMES.

They Are Read at the Dead Letter Office.

About Ninety Per Cent of the Illegal Matter

IS NEVER DELIVERED.

Why It Is Called Uncle Sam's Grabbag.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 27.—[Special.]—Craaks are more numerous this winter than at any time since the word came into common use, so the chief inspector of the postoffice department says. There is no place, he declares, like the dead letter office to get a clear and accurate idea of the pulse of the people. Mental disorders, like those of the flesh, come often in epidemic form and like disease of the body can usually be traced directly to some unhealthy condition of the body politic. The present epidemic of craaks now running riot all over the land is due largely, if not wholly, to scarcity of work, which means a scarcity of food and clothing and much consequent suffering among the poor of all large cities. According to the prophet of the postal service, the signs of the times as read by the mail dumped daily into the dead letter office here are quite startling.

Never in his experience, he declares, have so many inferior machines and high express boxes been detected and destroyed.

About 10 per cent of all illegal mail matter is never delivered to the party addressed but instead finds its way to the postal graft, officially known as the dead letters of Uncle Sam. Just how the officials arrive at this estimate of the amount of illegal mail is not known.

Letters to the dead letter office are

so numerous that the dead letter office is one of the most interesting places in Washington to visit.

Many a romantic tale is brought to a successful finish there. It is by no means infrequent that through the intelligence of the employees of this branch of Uncle Sam's services long-separated lovers are brought together again.

Just as the dead letter office is reading over these lovesick epistles of the forsaken, they have to read